CHICKEN A LA MARENGO.

How This Delicious Dish Is Prepared—A Bit of Culinary History.

Nearly every one is familiar with the story of chicken a la Marengo: How upon the eve of that splendid victory the chef of Napoleon, finding his store of butter becoming scanty, fried his chicken in olive oil, and the Little Corporal, probably elated with premonitions of his brilliant success, declared then and there that such a supreme dish had never been served to him before. Few people, however, know what a really delicious dish a tender chicken fried in olive oil makes. In Arabia and some other Oriental countries where olive oil is cheap it is used exclusively for frying. It can be heated to a much higher temperature than lard or any animal fat before it burns, and is therefore better adapted to cooking, but it is too expensive for general use in this way. Cottonseed oil, a substitute for lard which has been offered, possesses all the desirable qualities of olive oil for frying, but unfortunately it has a rank flavor that penetrates food and hangs about the kitchen long after the frying is done. A mixture of beef fat and lard is the best available frying fat we have. Chicken a la Marengo is not a fried dish in the strict sense of the word, but a saute dish. In all saute dishes only just enough fat is used to cook the food and not have it burn. The pan is continually shaken as the name saute would indicate, and the fat is intended to season the food being absorbed by it. Butter is therefore usually used. It requires only a gill of oil to cook a chicken in this way, but the oil must be of the very nicest quality, the same that should be used in mayonnaise dressing. Like butter and an egg, olive oil must be beyond suspicion. It is exceedingly unpleasant to recall the quantity of rancid oil that is regularly served at hotel tables and restaurants where the proprietor would not think of offering butter or any thing else in the same condition. He and the majority of his guests seem in blissful ignorance. It is difficult always in summer to get sweet virgin olive oil, but without it any dish of chicken a la Marengo is spoiled.

Having procured a young chicken weighing about three pounds, cut it up neatly, and carefully as for fricasee. Lay the pieces in cold water for a few moments, then wipe each one dry with a kitchen towel; season each with salt and pepper and dust it with flour. Put four tablespoonfuls of olive oil into a spider large enough to hold half the pieces of chicken, without overlapping. Heat the oil till it is very hot; add a sliced shallot or a small onion, a few pieces of parsley, a sprig of thyme, and a bay leaf, and finally the pieces of chicken. Cook each one on one side till it is half done and brown, then turn it on the other and cook it till done. It will take about twenty-five minutes to cook a spiderful of the chicken. When the first spiderful is cooked add four more spoonfuls of oil and another sliced onion; heat it very hot and put in the rest of the chicken. As soon as it is all done, dish it and prepare the sauce. Add two tablespoonfuls of flour to the hot oil remaining in the spider and add slowly two cups of broth; boil it for ten minutes, stirring constantly, and strain it through a gravy strainer around the chicken, which should be on a platter dished in a pyramid form. A dish of boiled or of stewed mushrooms is a delightful accompaniment of chicken cooked in this way.—N. Y. Tribune.

The Tramp Was Shocked.

He was a persistent street beggar; his beat was on Van Buren street near Clarke he would hang on to a man for half a block persistently asking for a dime with which to pay for his lodging.

There happened along a couple of well dressed newspaper men, who to all appearances seemed to own the town. The beggar stepped out from his dark corner, squared himself before the two men, and was about to present his accustomed plea, when the nearer of the two suddenly faced the tramp and said:

"Say, friend, gimme a dime to get a drink, for I'm so blanked hungry that I don't know where I'm going to sleep tonight."

The professional beggar first looked puzzled, then amused, then gave two or three convulsive gasps and fell in a fit.—Chicago Photo.

Flowers in Full Dress.

Flowers are used in increasing abundance in full dress costumes. A pretty gown is of yellow gauze or tulle, with Josephine bodice, trimmed with long sprays or wreaths of violets. Another is of pink faille, full train, the pink gauze drapery held in place with masses of pink orchids. Still another elaborate gown of white merveilleux with a ground of pink brocade has pink tulips on the skirt and as a corsage bouquet. A pistache green moire has a deep hem of Parma violets, while a pale blue crepe de chine is trimmed with a garland of marguerites falling lightly from the shoulder to the waist and ending in a flutter of ribbons on the right side.—Kate Field's Washington Letter.

She Changed the Name.

"Papa," said the young mother, "I've decided on a name for baby; we will call her Imogen."

Papa was lost in thought for a few minutes; he did not like the name, but if he opposed it, his wife would have her own way.

"That's nice," said he, presently. "My first sweetheart was named Imogen, and she will take it as a compliment."

"We will call her Mary, after my mother," was the stern reply.—Harper's Bazar.

—The marriage ceremony practiced by the people of Borneo is very short and simple. Bride and groom are brought out before the assembled tribe with great solemnity, and seated side by side. A betel-nut is then cut in two by the medicine-woman of the tribe, and one half is given to the bride and the other half to the groom. They begin to chew the nut; and the old woman, after some sort of incantation, knocks their heads together, and they are declared man and wife.

FACTS ABOUT HONEY,

It Is Not by Any Means the Purest Form of Sweets.

Honey differs from sugar in that it is a mixed sweet, containing more or less of impurities. It always contains pollen from the flowers from which the bees have extracted nectar and bogus honey may be detected by noting this lack of pollen. Honey may be manufactured of glucose and flavored with pennyroyal and a little of the comb mixed in for appearances, but the pollen is lacking. The bees in flying about get dust on their wings and dirt on their feet and these go into the honey. Some flowers produce a poisonous flavor which is taken up with its sweets. There is a place in Switzerland in which the bees always produce a poisonous honey at certain times of the year, and the same thing has been noted in certain parts of England. Another thing, if the bees get angry they inject into the honey a little of the formic acid which is the poison of their sting. There is always a little of this in any honey which serves as an antiseptic preservative. This is the reason why some people can not eat honey without having hives or a nettle rash appear on the skin. This formic acid is precisely the same kind of poison which is put into the skin by the hairs of the nettle. A small boy whom I knew, was fond of experimenting, and having heard of the honey bag of the bee, he caught a bumble bee and dissected it until he found what he took to be the honey bag, and from this he squeezed a drop on his tongue. In a very few moments he grew dizzy and sick, for he had taken the contents of the poison bag instead of the honey bag. He has never been able to eat honey since, although now grown to manhood. The taste of it makes him sick and dizzy with the same sensations he had when experimenting with the bumble bee.

If the bees are much disturbed during their work, the honey is always "rank" and apt to make most people sick. In any case, it is not the best of sweets. If one must have sweets, the best granulated cane-sugar is the purest form.—From a lecture by Dr. Kellogg, of Battle Creek Sanitarium.

BLACKING STOVES.

Gloves Should Be Worn Whenever the Task Is Attempted.

Every good housekeeper dislikes to see a grimy stove, yet often dreads equally the grimy hand acquired in the process of blacking. A pair of thick gloves, is of course, a necessary part of the outfit of any woman who does kitchen work, and yet desires, as she should, to keep her hands dainty. As a rule, far too much blacking is used on stoves. A cake of blacking such as is sold for eight cents ought to last a year for blacking one stove. If more blacking is used, it will not be rubbed into the surface of the stove as it should be, but remain as a fine dust to be afterward blown about the kitchen and cause a generally grimy appearance, so often seen in uncared for kitchens. A fresh coat of black should not be applied oftener than once a month, when the flues should also be cleaned out and the interior of the stove thoroughly brushed out. Before putting on new blacking, the old blacking should be washed off.

The new coat must now be applied and the stove thoroughly polished. The edges of the stove, if they are of polished iron, should not be blackened, but cleaned like a steel knife. The nickel knobs and other nickel parts of the stove must be rubbed bright with a chamois skin or old shrunken flannel. An ordinary paint and whiting brush is one of the best things with which to apply blacking to a stove. A stiff brush, such as is used for this purpose, is the best brush for polishing. During the month polish the stove with the polish-brush each morning, just after kindling the fire. Keep an old cloth always on hand in cooking, to rub off any grease spot as soon as it occurs. If the spots are obstinate a few drops of kerosene oil put on the stove-cloth will remove them. The ground edges and nickel work of the stove should be rubbed off at least once a week, besides the monthly cleaning when the stove is blacked.—N. Y. Tribune.

Successful Literary Venture.

Hicks—How did you get along with that stuff you were writing for the paper the other day?

Wicks—I sent it to half a dozen papers, and they rejected it, every one of them.

Hicks—That was rather discouraging, eh?

Wicks—Not a bit of it. I just went to work and spelled every other word wrong, made a dozen copies and sent them to as many magazines as a piece of dialect writing.

Hicks—And they rejected it, too?

Wicks—You're off there. They all accepted it, and I got a check from each.

Hicks—But when they come to publish it you'll be in a pretty scrape.

Wicks—Oh, that'll be all right. By the time it is published I shall have been dead year and years ago.—Boston Transcript.

Earning His Money.

"Porter, wake me up at Harrisburg," and the passenger in the chair dropped half a dollar into the colored man's hand. At Altoona the porter shook the passenger and said: "Boss, we's jes' half way to Harrisburg now." "Well, what are you waking me for?" "You see, you done gimme half a dollar, sah, an' dat's twice as much as mos' men gimme, so I thought I'd gib you two wakin's for it—one hyar and one at Harrisburg."—N. Y. Dispatch.

—Lightkeeper Rogers, of Straitsmouth Island, off Rockport, Mass., reports that while sitting on one of the headlands one evening recently, he experienced a peculiar sensation. The air seemed exhausted and he had great difficulty in breathing. There was a rushing sound like that made by skyrockets, and there was a shower resembling millions of stones falling into the water, after which Mr. Rogers noted that the water was boiling, as if some large, heated body was submerged therein. He is of the opinion that it was a meteor.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—Medical missionary work is very successful in Persia.

—To trust in means is to neglect God, to neglect means is to tempt God.

—In North Carolina there are now 4,273 Sunday-schools, with 253,000 pupils.

—The late Catherine C. Halstead, of New York, has left $75,000 to various Presbyterian missions and charities.

—English Methodists propose a general scheme for celebrating in a befitting manner the centenary of the death of John Wesley which took place in London in 1791.

—If I can only place a little brick in the pavement of the Lord's pathway I will place it there, that coming generations may walk thereon to the heavenly city.—Phillips Brooks.

—We should preach God's glory day by day, not by words only, often not by words at all, but by our conduct. If you wish your neighbors to see what God is like, let them see what he can make you like.—Charles Kingsley.

—Berlin University students may be obliged to go back to the rudiments. Several of these, much to their dismay, were recently rejected for the sole reason that the penmanship was so bad that the professors could not read them.

—A Roman Catholic Missionary, the Abbe Desgodius, has been for thirty years trying to gain success to Thibet. He has been all that time living on the southern and eastern frontiers, and has compiled a compendious Thibetan dictionary.

—The estimate of the number of Christians in Ceylon is from 9 to 10 per cent of the total population, as follows: Total population, 2,900,000; Romanists, 220,000; Anglicans, 25,000; Presbyterians, 14,000; Wesleyans, 23,000; Baptists, 8,000. Total of Christians, 290,000.

—At the jubilee of the Baptist mission in Denmark, held in Copenhagen, it was reported that 6,000 in all have been baptized, and there are now 2,700 members in the churches. All the Protestant missions in Europe lose many of their best members by emigration to America.

—It is only through our mysterious human relationships, through the love and tenderness and purity of mothers and sisters and wives, through the strength and courage and wisdow of fathers and brothers and husbands, that we can come to the knowledge of Him in whom alone the love and tenderness and purity, and strength and courage and wisdom of all these dwell forever and ever in perfect fulness.—Thomas Hughes.

—A conference is be held in Winnipeg, Manitoba, to consider the question of forming a union of the Anglican Church in British North America. At present the church is divided into two ecclesiastical provinces, that of Canada and that of Rupert's Land. There are, besides, four independent dioceses under the jurisdiction of the Archbishop of Canterbury. There are, in all, nineteen dioceses north of the United States. Out of a population of nearly 5,000,000, 650,000 are said to be members of the Church of England, which has twenty bishops and 1,200 clergy.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—Bess—I say, Ned, can you mend a racket? Ned—No, sis; but I can make one.

—For every cent a man has he has two cents' worth of desire.—Atchison Globe.

—"Do editors make fun of the poems they receive?" Oh, bless you, no—they make fires.

—She—I wonder what makes it rain? He—I suppose that the pores of the sky are opened.

—Of all the lights that you carry in your face, joy is the one that will reach farthest out to sea.—Anon.

—A man never becomes so homely that he is not handsome to the woman he is good to.—Atchison Globe.

—Life is like a game of whist—its mysteries will be solved when the last trump is played.—Elmira Gazette.

—Do not talk about the lantern that holds the lamp; but make haste; uncover the light and let it shine.—George Macdonald.

—A loafer is a good deal like a cork that has been pushed into a bottle. It does no good where it is, and isn't worth fishing out.

—Drying the face by upward movements is said to counteract wrinkles; but isn't this notion a new wrinkle itself?—Puck.

—You can't always tell the occupant of the starched shirit by the gloss on the bosom. Summer girls and summer boys.—Washington Post.

—"Pretty dull times for me now," said the knife. "Well," said the fork, "I have got stuck in every thing I have taken hold of lately."

Sufferer—Do you pull teeth without pain? Dentist—Well, not always. I sprained my wrist, last time I pulled a tooth, and it hurts me yet, occasionally.

—The man whose picture appears on the postage stamp has an unenviable position. There is always a stick at his back, and every one's tongue is against him.—Binghamton Republican.

—The man who spends less than he earns, will get rich, if he keeps at it and lives long enough. The man who spends two dollars and earns one is going towards an end where he will think a big mountain is on top of him.—Western Rural.

—Customer—It is less than a year since you stuffed my poor little parroquet, and the feathers are falling out already. Naturalist—That shows the excellence of the work. I stuff birds so naturally that they moult just as if they were alive.—From the French.

—"Clara—Miss Simpkins, he murmured as he reached for his hat after her declination, "when you think of a little road where we used to wander in the happy month of July, beneath the branches of the green trees, I pray you think of me. For I am like that little road—a lover slain;" and so he passed out of her sight. And then she was glad she had answered No.—Harper's Bazar.